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NO. 24
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THE VAULT OF HORROR



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FEATURING...

GOOD LORD! THE BLOOD
HAS ALREADY BEEN DRAINED
OUT OF THIS GORSEY!
BUT NOW... WHO...?



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

WILL



FANTASTIC 1950s EC COMICS!



NO. 13
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THE VAULT OF HORROR®

FEATURING...



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

GOOD LORD! THE BLOOD
HAS ALREADY BEEN DRAINED
OUT OF THIS CORPSE!
BUT HOW... WHO...?



J. HUNTER
CRAIG

BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS** (AND INFAMOUS!) **EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!



CRYPT #1



CRYPT #2



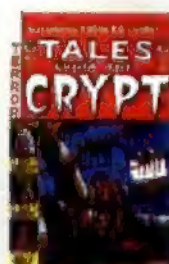
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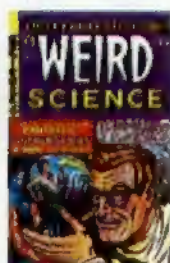
CRYPT #4



CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6



W SCI #1



W SCI #2



W SCI #3



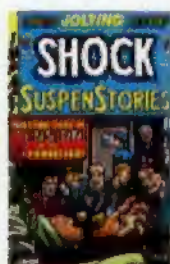
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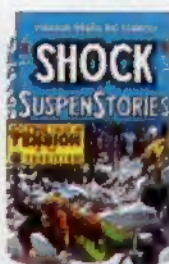
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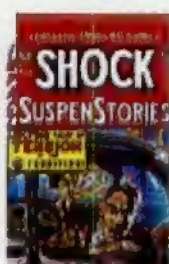
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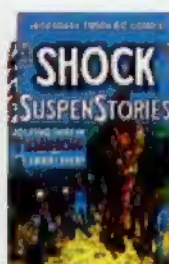
SHOCK #2



SHOCK #3



SHOCK #4



SHOCK #5



SHOCK #6

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Vault of Horror (USPS 009307) Vol. 1, No 13, October 1995. Published quarterly in October, January, April and July by Gemstone Publishing, 202 Aid, West Plains, MO 65775-3532. Second-class postage paid at West Plains, MO. Entire contents © 1995 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. Vault of Horror #24 © 1952 by L.L. Publishing Co., Inc., re © 1982 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. All rights reserved. Nothing herein contained may be reproduced without the written permission of William M. Gaines, New York, New York. Annual subscription rate \$8 (\$12 outside US payable in US funds). Printed in Canada. Postmaster: send address changes to Vault of Horror, Gemstone, POB 469, West Plains, MO 65775-0469.

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! WON'T YOU COME INTO MY PARLOR? *UNDERTAKING* PARLOR, THAT IS! SET YOURSELF DOWN IN A COMFY COFFIN AND REST YOUR WEARY BONES, WHILE I BEAT MY BICUSPIDS ABOUT ANOTHER *BLOOD-COAGULATOR* FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION HERE IN THE *VAULT OF HORROR*! AS YOU KNOW, I AM THE *VAULT-KEEPER*, AND THE STORY I AM GOING TO TELL IS *GRUESOME* ENOUGH TO *ROCK GIBRALTAR*! HEH, HEH! SO LET'S BEGIN THE *TERRIFYING* TALE I CALL...

A BLOODY UNDERTAKING!



LIKE A HUGE MONSTER, THE TRAIN PANTED AND PUFFED FORTH ANGRY CLOUDS OF SMOKE AS IT SNORTED OUT OF TOMPKINS STATION AND SLOWLY MOVED DOWN THE SILVERY THREADS OF TRACK INTO THE NIGHT. THE MAN ON THE PLATFORM WAVED A FINAL FAREWELL, TURNED, AND WALKED TOWARD HIS PARKED CAR...

(SIGH!) IT'S TOO BAD GEORGE DECIDED TO LEAVE! HE WAS THE BEST ASSISTANT I'VE EVER HAD! OH, WELL... (SIGH!)



DAVE COVE

HE SLID BEHIND THE WHEEL, CLOSED THE CAR DOOR, AND SWITCHED ON THE IGNITION. HE LIT A CIGARETTE AND, AS HE TOSSED THE BURNY MATCH OUT THE WINDOW, NOTICED A SLIGHT MOVEMENT IN THE SHADOWS OF THE STATION...



THE GIRL YANKED OPEN THE DOOR. WITH A RUSTLE OF HER SKIRT AND A FLASH OF STOCKINGED LEGS, SHE SETTLED HERSELF IN THE SEAT! A BIT FLUSTERED, THE MAN THREW IN THE CLUTCH, AND THEY DROVE AWAY...



AS THEY DROVE, GILBERT FOUND HIMSELF DOING A GREAT DEAL OF TALKING... A *GREAT DEAL*...

YES, I OWN THE BIGGEST *UNDERTAKING* PARLOR IN THE COUNTY! VERY SUCCESSFUL, IF I *DO* SAY SO MYSELF!

OH, YOU'RE SIMPLY *WONDERFUL*!



WELL... I'VE BEEN THINKING OF *RETIRING*, BUT I *CAN'T*! MY ASSISTANT JUST LEFT FOR THE CITY TO OPEN HIS *OWN* PLACE! NOW I HAVE TO TRAIN SOMEONE ELSE... AND A *GOOD* ASSISTANT ISN'T EASY TO FIND!

TCH! YOU POOR DEAR!



CURIOUS, HE WATCHED AS THE FIGURE OF A YOUNG WOMAN STEPPED INTO THE MOONLIGHT... AND WALKED SLOWLY, YET DELIBERATELY, ACROSS THE SNOW TO STAND BY HIS CAR WINDOW...

ER... GOOD EVENING! I... I DIDN'T SEE YOU GET OFF THE TRAIN! CAN I... I MEAN... IF YOU DON'T MIND, COULD I GIVE YOU A LIFT?

THANKS, MAC! THAT'S *REAL* FRIENDLY OF YOU!



THE GIRL SAT CLOSE TO HIM, HER LEGS CROSSED, A SOFT SMILE UPON HER LIPS. HER CHEER, HEADY PERFUME FILLED THE CAR. SHE SPOKE SOFTLY...

THE NAME IS WILMA! I'M SURE GLAD YOU WERE AROUND!

EH? OH! WHY, I'M GLAD I CAN *HELP* YOU! MY NAME IS *PODGES*! GILBERT *PODGES*!



OH, I'LL GET ALONG! I'LL HAVE TO *WORK* HARDER, BUT I'M USED TO IT! WHEN I WAS A BOY...

OH! HERE'S WHERE I GET OUT! I'M *SO* SORRY... GILBERT!



GILBERT GLANCED OUT THE WINDOW AT THE DARK, DREARY HOUSE ALMOST COMPLETELY HIDDEN BY OVERHANGING LEAVES. THEN HE FELT WILMA'S BODY PRESS CLOSER TO HIM, AND HE TURNED TO FIND HER LIPS ONLY INCHES FROM HIS OWN!

HERE, GILBERT... THIS KISS WILL SHOW YOU HOW GRATEFUL I AM...



THEN SUDDENLY, SHE WAS GONE...AND HE WAS LEFT WITH THE VISION OF HER SHAPELY LEGS...THE THRILL OF HER WARM, MOIST LIPS...THE SCENT OF HER PERFUME THAT STILL FILLED THE CAR...



HEH, HEH! WHAT A *SCHLOOMP!* GILBERT HAD IT *BAD*...AND EVERY NIGHT HE DIDN'T HAVE A 'CLIENT', HE WENT TO SEE WILMA! THE FACT THAT *PERHAPS* SHE WAS ONLY INTERESTED IN HIM BECAUSE OF HIS *MONEY* NEVER DAWNED ON HIM! HE WAS HEAD OVER HEELS IN *LOVE!*



WILMA...I...I'VE ONLY KNOWN YOU FOR A FEW DAYS, BUT I'VE GROWN TO...I MEAN, WILMA...WILL YOU BE MY *WIFE?*

SURE, MONEY... IF YOU WANT ME TO!



AND SO, THAT NIGHT, THEY DROVE TO THE NEXT TOWN AND WERE MARRIED...

I...I *WISH* WE COULD GO ON A HONEY-MOON NOW, WILMA...BUT I HAVE SO MUCH *WORK!*

I UNDERSTAND, GILBERT! IT'S ALL RIGHT! YOUR WORK IS MORE IMPORTANT!



GILBERT'S *FUNERAL HOME* WAS *VERY* BUSY! HE HAD NOT YET FOUND AN ASSISTANT...AND HAD TO DO ALL THE WORK HIMSELF! WHEN HE ARRIVED HOME AT NIGHT, WILMA WAS THERE TO COMFORT HIM...

I SEE SO LITTLE OF YOU! I LEAVE SO EARLY IN THE MORNING...GET HOME SO LATE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, GILBERT! YOU'LL FIND AN ASSISTANT SOON!



AND HE *DID!*... THE VERY NEXT DAY, A STRANGE QUEER-LOOKING MAN APPLIED FOR THE JOB...

I'VE JUST ARRIVED IN TOWN, SIR, AND I *NEED* THE JOB... *BADLY!* I'M NOT AFRAID TO WORK HARD, AND I LEARN FAST!

HMM...ALL RIGHT, MR. DRAYNE... YOU'RE *HIRED!*





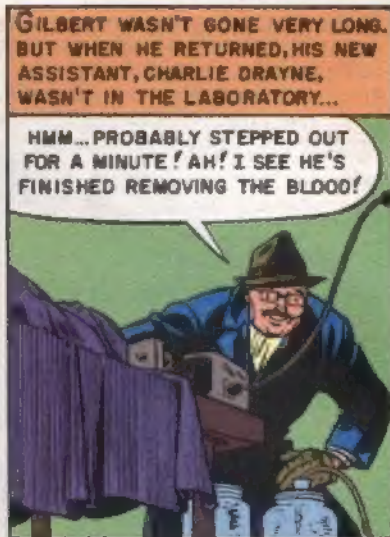
YOU CAN BEGIN IMMEDIATELY!
I HAVE TO VISIT A 'CLIENT'...
AND I WANT YOU TO WATCH
THE LABORATORY WHILE
I'M GONE!

YES,
SIR!



HERE'S THE CORPSE I'M WORKING
ON NOW! AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M
REMOVING THE BLOOD WHILE
INJECTING THE EMBALMING FLUID!
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW ALL THIS IS
DONE SOME OTHER TIME...
PERHAPS TOMORROW!

YES, SIR!



GILBERT WASN'T GONE VERY LONG.
BUT WHEN HE RETURNED, HIS NEW
ASSISTANT, CHARLIE DRAYNE,
WASN'T IN THE LABORATORY...

HMM...PROBABLY STEPPED OUT
FOR A MINUTE! AH! I SEE HE'S
FINISHED REMOVING THE BLOOD!

HE STROLLED OVER NEAR THE TABLE ON WHICH THE
CORPSE LAY, AND BENT TO LIFT A LARGE GLASS
CONTAINER FROM THE FLOOR...



EMPTY! CHARLIE
MUST HAVE DISPOSED
OF THE BLOOD! HMM...
HE MAY BE A BETTER
ASSISTANT THAN
I THOUGHT!

ABOUT A WEEK LATER, GILBERT ENTERED HIS PLACE
OF BUSINESS AND SAT AT HIS DESK TO READ THE
MORNING PAPER. ITS HEADLINES SCREAMED AT HIM!



GOOD HEAVENS! A
VAMPIRE KILLING!
I DIDN'T KNOW THERE
WERE SUCH THINGS!

IT SAYS HERE THAT THE KILLING HAPPENED A
WEEK AGO! THE BODY WASN'T FOUND UNTIL
LAST EVENING! BRR! GIVES ME THE WILLIES!
WELL...BETTER GET TO WORK!



HE TOSSED THE PAPER ASIDE AND WENT INTO HIS
LABORATORY. THE LATEST CORPSE LAY ON ITS WHITE
SLAB... AND GILBERT WITHDREW THE SHEET...



WHY...THIS CORPSE HAS
ALREADY BEEN DRAINED
OF ITS BLOOD! CHARLEY
MUST HAVE WORKED ON
IT LAST NIGHT!

HE'S A STRANGE
LOOKING FELLOW...
BUT HE'S COMING
ALONG FINE!

A WEEK PASSED, AND GILBERT DIDN'T RECEIVE ANY NEW CALLS...

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT? I'M UP TO MY EARS IN WORK... UNTIL I HIRE AN ASSISTANT! THEN, EVERYBODY *STOPS* DYING!



OH, WELL! THERE'RE STILL A LOT OF OTHER THINGS TO BE DONE! PAPER WORK HAS PILED UP TREMENDOUSLY! NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO GET EVERYTHING STRAIGHTENED OUT!



GILBERT HAD MANY THINGS TO DO... BUT NOT SO WITH CHARLIE...

CHARLIE... STOP PACING THE FLOOR! WHY DON'T YOU CLEAN THE LAB IF YOU WANT SOMETHING TO DO?

...CLEANED IT FOUR TIMES ALREADY!



STILL THE DAYS PASSED AND NO NEW 'CLIENTS'! CHARLIE BECAME INCREASINGLY NERVOUS...

CHARLIE! PLEASE! WILL YOU STOP PACING BACK AND FORTH? YOU'RE MAKING ME VERY TENSE!

I... I CAN'T HELP IT, MR. PODGES! THIS WAITING AROUND... DOING *NOTHIN'*! IT'S DRIVIN' ME *NUTS!*



I... I WISH *SOMEBODY* WOULD DIE! *ANYBODY!* JUST... JUST SO'S I COULD HAVE SOMETHIN' TO DO! I'M GOIN' *CRAZY!*

WELL, IF YOU *MUST* PAGE UP AND DOWN, WHY DON'T YOU GO FOR A NICE LONG WALK?



THAT EVENING, AT HOME WITH HIS WIFE WILMA...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH CHARLIE! IT'S... IT'S ALMOST *ABNORMAL*... THE WAY HE LOVES TO WORK ON THOSE *DEAD BODIES!*

I NEVER *DID* LIKE HIM! HE'S SO CREEPY-LOOKING! *BRR!*



OH, I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING *REALLY* WRONG WITH HIM! JUST A BIT... *ODD*, PERHAPS!

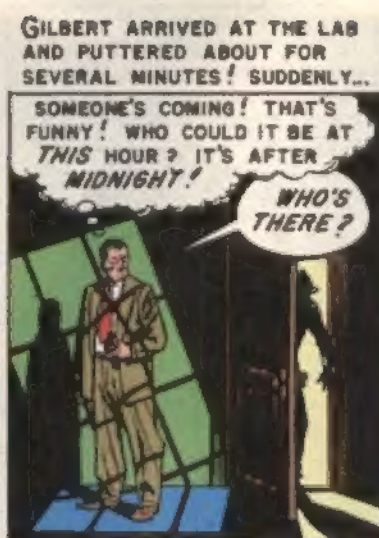
YOU CAN'T PROVE IT BY *ME!* HONESTLY, HE'S *WEIRD!* EVERYTIME I SEE HIM, I GET GOOSE-PIMPLES!





WELL, I HAVE SOME WORK TO DO IN THE LAB! I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW HOURS!

ALL RIGHT, GILBERT! I'LL WAIT UP FOR YOU!



GILBERT ARRIVED AT THE LAB AND PUTTERED ABOUT FOR SEVERAL MINUTES! SUDDENLY...

SOMEONE'S COMING! THAT'S FUNNY! WHO COULD IT BE AT THIS HOUR? IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT!

WHO'S THERE?



WHY...WHY, IT'S ONLY ME, MR. PODGES! I...I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE!

ISN'T IT A RATHER STRANGE TIME FOR YOU TO BE GETTING IN?



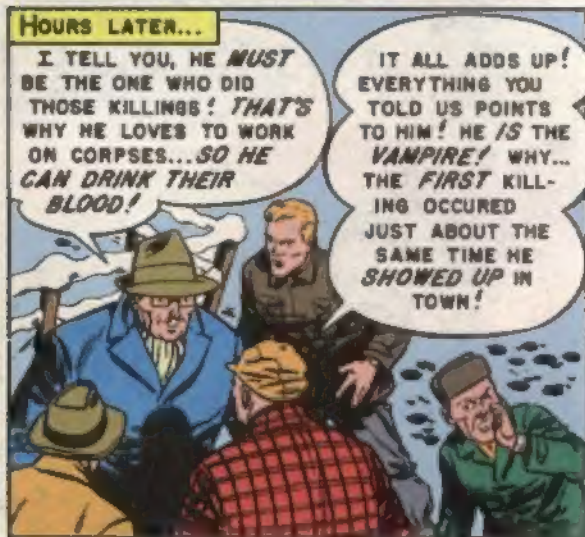
WELL...ER, YOU SEE...I WAS NERVOUS TONIGHT, SO I WENT FOR A WALK! LIKE YOU SAID I SHOULD! I JUST...ER... CAME HERE TO SEE IF THERE WASN'T SOMETHIN' I COULD DO!

OH... I SEE...

THE NEXT MORNING, SHOCKING HEADLINES MADE GILBERT PODGES THINK TWICE ABOUT CHARLIE...



ANOTHER *VAMPIRE* MURDER! AND CHARLIE...HE...HE SAID HE WAS OUT *WALKING* LAST NIGHT! HMMM...



HOURS LATER...

I TELL YOU, HE *MUST* BE THE ONE WHO DID THOSE KILLINGS! *THAT'S* WHY HE LOVES TO WORK ON CORPSES...SO HE CAN DRINK THEIR BLOOD!

IT ALL ADDS UP! EVERYTHING YOU TOLD US POINTS TO HIM! HE *IS* THE *VAMPIRE*! WHY... THE *FIRST* KILLING OCCURED JUST ABOUT THE SAME TIME HE *SHOWED UP* IN TOWN!

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG! THE WORD SPREAD LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE...AND IN A SHORT TIME THE ROAD WAS FILLED WITH ENRAGED TOWNSPEOPLE, ALL HEADING FOR PODGES' FUNERAL PARLOR...



LIKE A SWARM OF ANGRY LOCUSTS DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH, THE CROWD CRASHED THROUGH THE LABORATORY DOORS...



TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED, CHARLIE DARTED THROUGH A WINDOW AND INTO THE TREES... WHILE THE MOB, FURIOUSLY INCENSED, ROARED INSANELY AND GAVE CHASE...



THE LITTLE MAN RAN AS FAST AS HIS LEGS COULD CARRY HIM! GRASHING INTO TREES, TRIPPING AND FALLING OVER ROCKS AND GNARLED BOUGHS, HE TRIED DESPERATELY TO ESCAPE THE HYSTERICAL TOWNSFOLK WHO CONSTANTLY NARROWED THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM AND HIMSELF...



FEAR CONSTRICTED HIS BREATHING... HIS POUNDING HEART SEEMED TO TEAR ITSELF FROM HIS BREAST, AND HE SCREAMED AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS FOR SALVATION! HE SCREAMED... BUT HIS EARS WERE FILLED WITH A THUNDEROUS SOUND THAT HE KNEW WOULD ONLY BE STILLED BY HIS DEATH!



HE FELL TO THE GROUND, WEAK, TREMBLING... AND SCRAMBLED AND CLAWED AT THE SNOW CONVULSIVELY IN A FRANTIC EFFORT TO FLEE, WHILE TEARS STREAMED DOWN HIS PINCHED, SWEAT-COVERED FACE! BUT IT WAS TOO LATE... *THEY WERE UPON HIM!*



HE FELT HIMSELF LIFTED AND THROWN, BEATEN, KICKED, LIFTED AND CRUSHED TO THE GROUND AGAIN AND AGAIN! HE FELT NO ACTUAL PAIN AND TIME WAS AN UNKNOWN THING! HE KNEW ONLY AN ALL CONSUMING FEAR... HE HEARD ONLY A TREMENDOUS CONGLOMERATION OF HIGH PITCHED, FRENZIED SCREAMS! HE FELT THE SHARP POINT OF THE STAKE JABBING INTO HIS CHEST! HE SAW THE SLEDGE-HAMMER RAISED...



IT WAS OVER...AND THE ENSUING SILENCE WAS MORE DEAFENING THAN THEIR LOUDEST SHOUTING. SOME BEGAN TO WALK SLOWLY BACK TOWARD THE TOWN...



THERE WAS NO JOY...NO TALKING! ONLY AN EMPTY, YET GLORIOUS REALIZATION THAT A HORRIBLE DANGER TO THEM HAD AT LAST BEEN DESTROYED...



GILBERT POGGES TRUDGED BACK INTO TOWN WITH THE OTHERS! THOUGH TIRED AND WORN FROM THE CHASE, HE NONETHELESS FELT LIKE A HERO... FOR HADN'T HE BEEN THE ONE WHO HAD WIELDED THE DEADLY HAMMER?

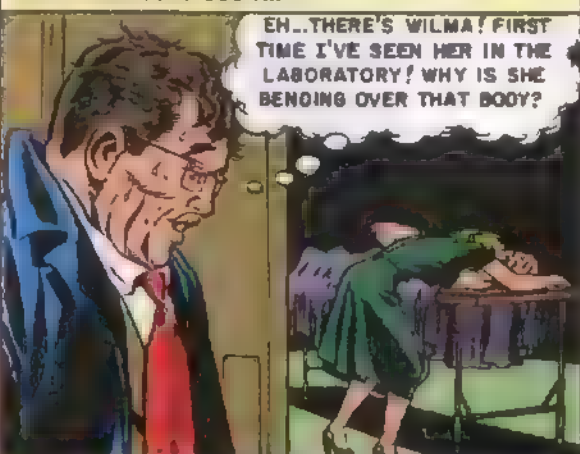


HIS ENTIRE BODY AGED AND PAINED HIM, AND HIS WEARINESS WAS ALMOST OVERWHELMING, AS HE ENTERED HIS UNDERTAKING PARLOR...



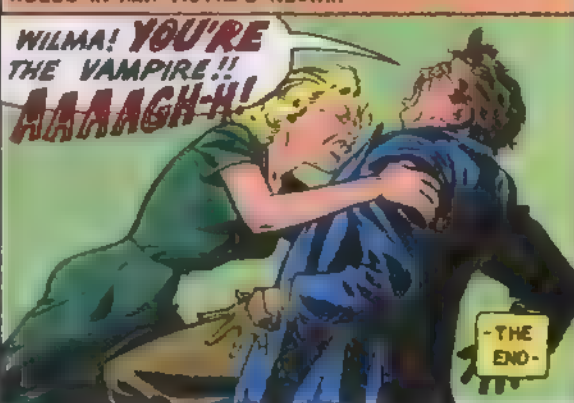
OH, LORD! I HOPE I NEVER HAVE TO GO THROUGH *THAT* AGAIN! I'M SURE WE DID RIGHT...YET IT WAS SO HORRIBLE TO SEE!

IN A SEMI-TRANCE, HE MOVED THROUGH THE ROOMS TO THE REAR OF THE BUILDING, AND PUSHED OPEN THE LABORATORY DOOR...



EH...THERE'S WILMA! FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN HER IN THE LABORATORY! WHY IS SHE BENDING OVER THAT BODY?

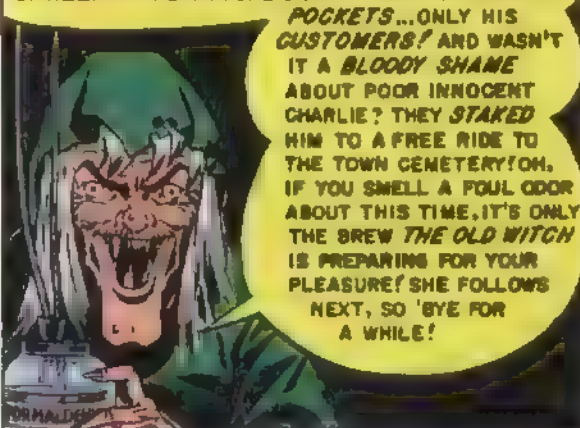
PUZZLED, HE MOVED SLOWLY AROUND UNTIL HE WAS IN FRONT OF HER. THEN SHE GLARED UP AT HIM AND SNARLED! HE GASPED IN HORROR AS HE SAW HER FANGED, BLOOD-COVERED MOUTH...THE TWO SMALL HOLES IN HER VICTIM'S NECK...



WILMA! YOU'RE THE VAMPIRE!!
AAAAGH-H!

-THE
END-

HEH, HEH! CHARMING! SIMPLY CHARMING! WELL, AT LEAST GILBERT CAN BE SURE THAT WILMA DIDN'T MARRY HIM FOR HIS *MONEY*... SHE REALLY HAD HIS *CAREER* AT HEART! SHE DIDN'T WANT TO DRAIN HIS



POCKETS...ONLY HIS *CUSTOMERS*! AND WASN'T IT A *BLOODY SHAME* ABOUT POOR INNOCENT CHARLIE? THEY *STAKED* HIM TO A FREE RIDE TO THE TOWN CEMETERY! OH, IF YOU SMELL A FOUL ODOR ABOUT THIS TIME, IT'S ONLY THE BREW *THE OLD WITCH* IS PREPARING FOR YOUR PLEASURE! SHE FOLLOWS NEXT, SO 'BYE FOR A WHILE!

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! I GOT A DILLY COOKED UP! SMELL IT? COME IN! COME INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I'M YOUR WAITRESS IN WAILS, THE OLD WITCH! EACH TIME WE MEET, I LIGHT THE FIRE UNDER MY CAULDRON AND BREW A TASTY TALE OF SAVORY SCREAMINGS, GARNISHED WITH GORE, TOPPED OFF WITH A DASH OF DELIRIUM, AND SERVED UP TO YOU AS A HEAPING HORROR HELPING! THIS LITTLE YARN I'M ABOUT TO DISH OUT OUGHT TO GO PRETTY FUR! IT'S CALLED...

...WITH ALL THE TRAPPINGS!



A GENTLE BREEZE FANNED THE PINE TREES THAT TOWERED ABOVE THE TOWN'S ONLY CEMETERY! THE SMALL BAND OF FUR-TRAPPERS AND THEIR WIVES STOOD IN SILENCE AS THE SIMPLE PINE BOX WAS LOWERED INTO THE YAWNING GRAVE! THE MOURNERS HAD COME DOWN FROM THEIR CABINS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE CANADIAN NORTH WOODS TO PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO A FELLOW-TRAPPER.

EMILE WAS A GOOD MAN!

WE WILL MISS HIM ON THE TRAP LINES, COME WINTER!

COME, MARIA! IT IS OVER!



GHOSTLY

AN AGED COUPLE TURNED FROM THE SAD SCENE AND MADE THEIR WAY OUT OF THE CEMETERY.

PIERRE! WHAT IS IT? YOU ARE SO PALE!
IT IS NOTHING.
MARIA! NOTHING!

PIERRE DUVAL AND HIS WIFE, MARIA, TRUDGED WEARILY OUT OF TOWN AND INTO THE WOODS ALONG A WELL-WORN TRAIL...

IT MUST BE SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU GROW SO WHITE, PIERRE!
I WOULD RATHER NOT SPEAK ABOUT IT, MARIA!

THE OLD PEOPLE CONTINUED ON IN SILENCE! THE PATH THEY TRAVELED BECAME MORE AND MORE OVERGROWN WITH EACH FORK! FINALLY, THEY CAME TO A CLEARING...

AH, IT IS GOOD TO BE HOME!
I WILL MAKE YOU SOME TEA, PIERRE! PERHAPS YOU WILL FEEL BETTER!

PIERRE AND HIS WIFE ENTERED THE SPARSELY FURNISHED TRAPPER'S CABIN

MARIA! I CANNOT STAND TO THINK OF EITHER OF US DYING AND BEING BURIED IN THE GROUND...PREY TO WORMS AND CRAWLING THINGS!

AH! SO THAT IS WHAT IS TROUBLING YOU, PIERRE!

PIERRE SANK DOWN AT THE LARGE TABLE AT ONE END OF THE ROOM...

EMILE! THEY PUT HIM INTO A PINE BOX! SOON IT WILL ROT! SOON THE MAGGOTS WILL GET AT HIS REMAINS...

A PINE BOX IS ALL THAT EMILE'S FAMILY COULD AFFORD, PIERRE!

NO! I WILL NOT BE BURIED LIKE THAT! NEVER!

HUSH NOW AND DRINK YOUR TEA! STOP TALKING THAT WAY!

SO PIERRE HUSHED AND DRANK HIS TEA! HE STOPPED TALKING ABOUT IT, BUT HE DIDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT! THE HORRENDOUS THOUGHT OF BURYING MARIA...OR BEING BURIED HIMSELF...IN A PINE BOX, TO BECOME A VICTIM OF THE WORMS AND RATS, PREYED UPON HIS MIND! WHEN WINTER CAME...

IT IS TIME TO SET UP THE TRAP-LINES, PIERRE! I MAKE THEM SHORT THIS YEAR! YOU ARE OLD!

OLD AND NEAR DEATH, MARIA! I WILL MAKE THEM LONGER THIS YEAR! I MUST HAVE MONEY!

SOON THE SNOWS BEGAN TO FALL AND THE TEMPERATURE DROPPED TO FREEZING! PIERRE TOOK OUT HIS TRAPS, IGNORING THE PAINS OF AGE THAT WRACKED HIS BODY! HE WAS GONE A WEEK LAYING THE TRAP LINE...

PIERRE! YOU ARE MAD! IT WILL TAKE YOU THREE DAYS AND TWO NIGHTS TO COVER THE TRAP-LINES! IT IS TOO MUCH FOR YOU!

I MUST DO IT, MARIA! I MUST!

THIS ENVELOPE CAME WHILE YOU WERE AWAY! JULES BROUGHT IT OUT FROM THE SETTLEMENT!

AH! WHAT I WAS WAITING FOR!

PIERRE TORE OPEN THE ENVELOPE AND BEGAN TO READ THE ENCLOSED FOLDER! MARIA NERVOUSLY OPENED HIS SHOULDER AND GASPED...

PROTECTION? FROM WHAT?

THE MAGGOTS! THE WORMS! A METAL VAULT IS THE ANSWER! THE COFFIN GOES INSIDE! EVERYTHING IS SEALED!

PIERRE! STOP IT! YOU ARE CRAZY TO THINK OF SUCH THINGS!

MMMMMM! TOO BAD! THE PRICES ARE NOT GIVEN!

METAL VAULTS? WHAT IS THAT, PIERRE?

SEE! IT SAYS SO... RIGHT HERE! SEE? 'ABSOLUTE PROTECTION!'

EVERY MONDAY MORNING, PIERRE WOULD SET OFF ON THE THREE DAY TRIP TO COVER HIS TRAP-LINE AND GATHER THE ANIMALS THAT HAD BEEN CAUGHT! LATE IN DECEMBER, WHEN HE WAS RETURNING FROM ONE OF THESE TRIPS...

MARIA LAY SPRAWLED ON THE CABIN FLOOR! SHE WAS DEAD! PIERRE FELL ON HIS KNEES AND WEPT...

MARIA... SOB... MARIA!

MARIA! MARIA! WHAT IS IT?

AFTER A WHILE, PIERRE STOOD UP AND DRIED HIS EYES! HE LOOKED DOWN AT HIS DECEASED WIFE. HIS FACE DETERMINED...

DO NOT WORRY, MARIA! I WILL NOT LET THEM PUT YOU IN A FLIMSY PINE BOX! I WILL NOT LET THEM FEED YOU TO THE GRAVE-CRAWLERS!



PIERRE TRUDGED DOWN THE SNOW-COVERED TRAIL TO THE NORTH WOODS SETTLEMENT! BY THE TIME HE'D ENTERED THE TOWN, PIERRE HAD DECIDED ON A COURSE OF ACTION...

I MUST BE CAREFUL! PERHAPS THE METAL VAULT IS EXPENSIVE. IF I CANNOT AFFORD IT, THEY WILL FORCE ME TO BURY MARIA IN A PINE BOX!



PIERRE BENT AND LIFTED HIS DEAD WIFE'S BODY! HE CARRIED IT TO THE IRON BED THAT STOOD AT ONE END OF THE CABIN, AND LAID HER DOWN GENTLY...

I'LL BE BACK SOON, MARIA! I AM GOING INTO THE SETTLEMENT TO INQUIRE ABOUT METAL VAULTS!



SO WHEN PIERRE ENTERED THE OFFICE OF THE TOWN UNDERTAKER...

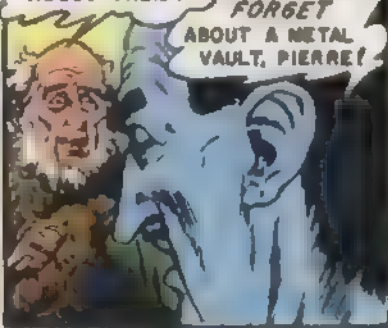
PIERRE! PIERRE DUVAL! ER...DO NOT TELL ME THERE IS BAD NEWS, MON AMI!

NO, HENRI! IT IS NOT THAT! I JUST WANT A LITTLE INFORMATION!



YOU SEE, MARIA AND I WERE THINKING! WE ARE GETTING ON IN YEARS NOW! WE FEEL THAT WE OUGHT TO BEGIN PREPARING FOR...WELL...YOU UNDERSTAND! WE HAVE HEARD ABOUT METAL VAULTS AND WOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THEM!

FORGET ABOUT A METAL VAULT, PIERRE!



ONE OF THOSE THINGS COSTS THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

THREE HUNDRED! MON DIEU!

PIERRE RETURNED TO HIS CABIN AND SANK INTO A CHAIR BESIDE HIS DEAD WIFE'S BODY...

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS! WHY... IT WOULD TAKE A WHOLE WINTER'S TRAPPING TO MAKE THAT MUCH MONEY!



SUDDENLY PIERRE JUMPED UP! HE RUSHED TO THE WINDOW AND STARED OUT AT THE ICICLES HANGING FROM THE ROOF...

OF COURSE! OF COURSE! NOW SIMPLE! HOW EASY!

PIERRE TURNED TO HIS DEAD MARIA... YOU WILL HAVE YOUR METAL VAULT, MARIA! I WILL WAIT TILL I HAVE TRAPPED THREE-HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF PELTS... AND THEN I WILL BURY YOU!

PIERRE CARRIED MARIA OUT INTO THE FREEZING WIND AND AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE CABIN! A SNOW LADEN SHACK, USED IN THE SUMMER AS AN ICE-HOUSE, STOOD BEFORE HIM... IN THE MEANWHILE... YOU WILL SLEEP IN HERE!

FROM THE FROZEN STREAM BEYOND THE CLEARING, PIERRE CUT BLOCKS OF ICE AND DRAGGED THEM TO THE SHED... WHERE MARIA, COVERED WITH A THREAD-BARE QUILT, LAY ON A WORN MATTRESS...

THE ICE WILL FREEZE YOU, MY DEAR! YOU WILL STAY PRESERVED UNTIL YOUR FUNERAL!

THEN PIERRE LOCKED THE SHED DOOR AND PILED SNOW HIGH AROUND TO SEAL IT...

...JUST LIKE THE FROZEN-FOOD LOCKERS I HAVE READ ABOUT!

IN THE MONTH THAT FOLLOWED, PIERRE LENGTHENED HIS TRAP-LINE SO THAT IT TOOK HIM ALMOST A WEEK TO COVER IT! EACH MONDAY HE WOULD SET OUT, AND BY SATURDAY WOULD RETURN LADEN WITH THE FUR-BEARING ANIMALS THAT HAD BEEN ENSNARED...

GASP... THIS WEEK WAS GOOD! TWO OTTERS... ONE SILVER FOX... ONE MUSKRAT... AND TWO LYNX! TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, AT LEAST!

PIERRE WORKED HIS TRAP-LINE FEVERISHLY THROUGHOUT THE LONG WINTER! EACH TIME HE RETURNED TO HIS CABIN WITH PELTS, HE WOULD STOP BY THE SHED...

IT WILL NOT BE LONG NOW, MARIA! SOON I WILL HAVE ENOUGH!

ONCE, ON ONE OF HIS TRAP-LINE ROUNDS, PIERRE CAME ACROSS A TRAP THAT HAD BEEN SPRUNG! THE SNOW AROUND THE TRAP WAS STAINED RED WITH BLOOD BUT THE ANIMAL WAS NOT THERE! ONLY A FROZEN PAW WAS PINNED BETWEEN THE TRAP JAWS...

SAOIRE DIEU!
A LYNX? AND A BIG ONE, TOO? IT HAS RIPPED ITSELF LOOSE! ITS RIGHT FORELEG STILL LAYS IN MY TRAP!



PIERRE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF BLOOD THROUGH THE SNOW, BUT LOST IT NEAR THE CLEARING...

AH! IT CANNOT HUNT FOOD WITH BUT *THREE LEGS!* I WILL PROBABLY FIND IT DEAD WHEN THE THAW COMES!

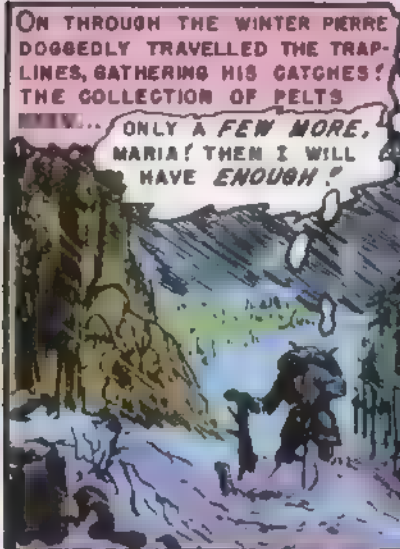


ON THROUGH THE WINTER PIERRE DOGGEDLY TRAVELLED THE TRAP-LINES, GATHERING HIS CATCHES! THE COLLECTION OF PELTS

... ONLY A FEW MORE, MARIA! THEN I WILL HAVE ENOUGH!

PAIN TORTURED PIERRE'S AGING BODY, BUT THE DETERMINED TRAPPER IGNORED IT! THE THOUGHT OF THE SPRING THAW AND MARIA'S FUNERAL SPURRED HIM ON...

ERMINE! WHAT LUCK!



AND THEN, IN FEBRUARY...

I HAVE IT! I HAVE THE THREE-HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF PELTS!



PIERRE PACKED HIS COLLECTION OF FURS AND RUSHED INTO THE SETTLEMENT TO SELL THEM...

OKAY, DUVAL! HERE'S YOUR MONEY! THREE-HUNDRED AND FOUR DOLLARS!

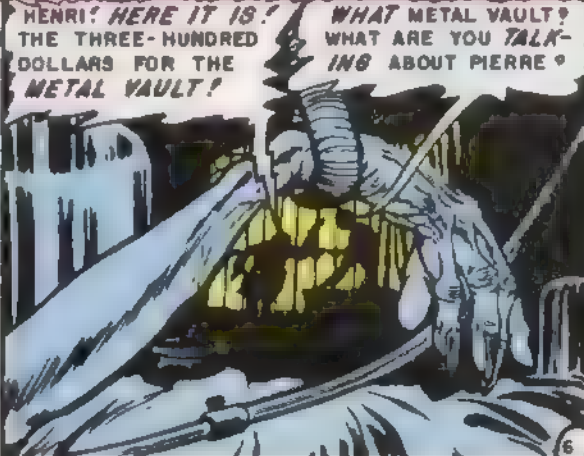
THANK YOU! THANK YOU!



WAVING HIS MONEY, PIERRE BURST INTO THE SETTLEMENT'S UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT...

HENRI! HERE IT IS! THE THREE-HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE METAL VAULT!

WHAT METAL VAULT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT PIERRE?



FOR MY WIFE! THE METAL VAULT FOR MY WIFE! NO FLIMSY PINE BOX FOR HER!

MARIA? SHE IS DEAD?

YES! SHE DIED IN DECEMBER!

MON DIEU. DUVAL! YOU HAVE KEPT HER SINCE THEN?

YES! SHE IS FROZEN IN THE ICE-HOUSE! I WANTED TO BURY HER IN A METAL VAULT SO SHE WOULD SLEEP IN PEACE... UNDISTURBED! YOU WILL ORDER IT NOW?

OF... OF COURSE, PIERRE! OF COURSE!

PIERRE HURRIED BACK TO HIS CABIN THROUGH THE ICY WINDS! HE WANTED TO TELL MARIA THE GOOD NEWS...

MARIA! MARIA! I HAVE DONE IT! I HAVE ORDERED YOUR FUNERAL!

AS PIERRE UNLOCKED THE ICE-HOUSE, TEARS OF JOY FILLED HIS AGING EYES! HE SWUNG OPEN THE DOOR, SMILING HAPPILY! SUDDENLY THE GRIN FROZE ON HIS WIZENED FACE! HIS EYES WIDENED IN HORROR...

MARIA! OH... MON DIEU!

MARIA'S BODY HAD BEEN DRAGGED FROM ITS MATTRESS BIER AND LAY RIGID IN A DARK CORNER OF THE SUB-ZERO ICE HOUSE! MOST OF ITS FLESH HAD BEEN STRIPPED AWAY LEAVING WHITE BONES! BESIDE IT, A VICIOUS LOOKING GRAY FORM CROUCHED... FANGS BARED! A LYNX WITH ITS RIGHT FORELEG TORN OFF...

YAAAAA AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

HEE. HEE! LIKE THEY SAY, KIDDIES! A CHAIN OF EVENTS IS ONLY AS STRONG AS ITS WEAKEST LYNX! SO POOR PIERRE'S PLAN WAS TORN TO SHREDS! THE BLEEDING WILD-CAT JUST CRAWLED INTO THE ICE HOUSE... FOUND ITSELF A FREE MEAL TICKET... AND HUNG AROUND! NOT THAT I BLAME IT! AFTER ALL, A HOT MEAL IS FINE...

BUT GOLD GUTS ARE BETTER THAN NOTHING! OF COURSE, PIERRE BOLFOED THE LAME OLD FELINE! HEE, HEE! HE TEED-OFF ON THE LYNX! 'BYE, NOW!



THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear VK,

I just love my EC. I only have #11 of THE VAULT OF HORROR, but I sure intend to get more! I loved all the stories but I thought "Fountains of Youth!" was the best. Of course, I will convince my friends to buy ECs because your comics are the best I've ever seen in my life (I'm 11 years old). Keep up the great work, both you and Russ. Truly a fan.

Ian Rose

Indianapolis, IN

If you live to 111, same result! You can get our back issues from us direct (see end of letters column).

—VK

I have questions: 1) Is there a video game of "Tales from the Crypt"? 2) Which monster is the strongest? 3) What happens to a werewolf if you grind it up or burn it to ashes, does it die? (People say only silver can kill werewolves.)

Someone

Somewhere, MI

1) Dunno; don't care. 2) The Living Limburger. 3) Check "Wish You Were Here" (HAUNT 22, in GLAD VAULT #3). Heh-heh!

—VK

Dear VK,

I really loved your issue 12. My favorite story was "A Stitch in Time!". I guess Mr. Lasch got all tied up in the end. How are you doing in The Vault of Horror? You're the coolest ghoul around. Well, I'd better go or my mummy will suck my blood. Horrifically yours,

Cody Alexander, age 11

Lawrenceburg, KY

Dear VK,

You are the greatest! I have collected your comics since VAULT #10. It was great! I especially loved "One Last Fling!". I have just one question: Are you and OW going to be on the "Crypt" show? The fourth GhouLunatic.

Derek McKearin

Houston, TX

Maybe not, but simplified versions of us are on the Saturday kidvid.

—VK

I recently became a fan of you and the OW and CK before I left for India where I'm writing you from.

India has many gruesome, ghostly rumors. There's a haunted house in my neighborhood. Have you done any of your haunting in India?

In the story "Monster in the loof" the OW said she teaches a cooking class. What kinds of foods does she cook? May I come to a class? If not, I beg her to send me a recipe.

My father read the story "What the Dog Dragged In!" as a kid. I write horror stories. I'll send you some. (I'll be back when the letter reaches you.)

Evan Henry, age 9

La Mesa, CA

Did you visit the capital, in India-napolis?

[VK, you provincial peophead, that's INDIA—the subcontinent!]

—ED

Oh, you mean **भारत**, eh? Speaking of which, The Old Witch sent me a dish spiced with curry—TIM Curry!!

—VK

Dear Vault-Keeper,

Is it me or does "What the Dog Dragged In!" in issue #11 bear a lot of resemblance to a story written by Ray Bradbury? It's me, isn't it?

After reading "Gone...Fishing!" (also in issue #11) I'll think twice about eating a chocolate bar that is lying around on the beach!

While reading one of my two copies of "Masters of Terror" I noticed that "The Music of Erich Zann" by H.P. Lovecraft was illustrated by an artist named Johnny Craig! I couldn't help but wonder if it was the one and only Johnny Craig of EC. Is it?

If you print this letter, please print my address. I would like to hear from fellow EC fans.

Eloise Radke

3225 E Baseline/#206
Gilbert, AZ 85234

Well, maybe Al Feldstein sat on a copy of "Dark Carnival" somewhere along the line. Methinks if Johnny Craig did the illus on a Lovecraft story we could figure it out by looking. Can you send a photocopy (or can another reader confirm or deny)?

—VK

Dear Vault-Keeper,

I'm your #1 fan. I like all 3 of you, even The Old Witch. You and The Crypt-Keeper are my favorites. I wish you had a show of your own. If I were the creator I would call it TALES FROM THE VAULT OF HORROR. In VAULT #9 "Grandma's Ghost" was cool! And I liked "One Last Fling!". I like all of your stories so far.

James Franco

Agawam, MA

Dear VK,

I loved VAULT #10! I have never been a big fan of VAULT, but after this issue I think I'll reconsider. The best story was "What the Dog Dragged In!". I also liked OW's story. It was a great sequel to "Frankenstein."

I have a suggestion: take out CK's "Page of Fine Arts" and just make "The VK's Corner" longer. I like the letter column better, and think it should be longer.

CK P O A doesn't appear in CRYPT. Why does it appear here? Keep up the good work.

John Brown

Harriman, TN

It's a simple matter of mathematics; The Script-Reader, or, Crypt-Keeper gets a TV-inflated number of letters and needs his three pages of space to keep the little horror-hounds satisfied. THEN he pulls rank and uses my and Witchie's third page for his own overweening self-promotion! But I've fooled him; now I'M getting three pages of letters! —VK

Dear VK,

Please please please please please will you print a story about your origin? CK did, and I bet you ten bucks that yours is much more fascinating.

Here's a question I have: how come there's no blood in your stories?

Oh yeah—recently in one of the comic book stores in my quaint suburban little town, I purchased a HAUNT OF FEAR from the 70s. There were published letters in it, but there were only two. Why? Well, I better go crawl into my coffin almost sunrise, y'know. Please print my address, I would love to have a pen-pal! Horrifyingly yours,

Audrey Sheehan, 13

12 Cherry Lane Dr
Reading, MA 01867

Not only is my origin more fascinating, it's perfectly undiscernible! More blood in my comics? Funny you should bring that up THIS ISH! Hah-heh!

You must have bought an EAST COAST reprint, they were done in the 70s. We have some for sale, write for details. —VK

Russ, (and, of course, the GhouLunatics).

Seeing the mention of Ron Mann's COMIC BOOK CONFIDENTIAL, I will notify computer-toting EC Fan Addicts that Voyager came out with a CD-Rom called "Comic Book Confidential" that not only has the movie but filmographs, biographics, information about other comic artists such as Robert Crumb and Lynda Barry, and some great comics preserved forever on CD Rom. Unfortunately, I didn't have enough memory in Hypercard to watch the movie, so if anyone out there on the crypt.net knows where I can find a VHS copy, I would be forever indebted. As always please print my address. (If you must find a nickname for me, I'd prefer She-ra over my own patriotic last name!! Ok?!!)

Ashley Flagg

40 Pine Hill ST
Manchester, CT 06040-3111

I'd lend you mine, IF MANN WOULD COME THRU WITH THE TWO VHS COPIES his organization offered in exchange for our supply of visuals! Maybe the ol' VK memory banks are bankrupt, but I don't recall bestowing a nickname on ya. How 'bout we name you after the famous Indian princess, Donjaburnda? —VK

Dear Vault-Keeper

You guys down at VAULT are doing an excellent job and I thank you for it! I was very impressed with #11. Jack Kamen did an excellent job with "What the Dog Dragged In".

I have a question for the Vault Keeper: Are you married? If not, would you like to be in the future? Please print my address because I would love to hear from other fans!

Theresa Goghia
Elizabeth Ruiz

4139 N Pulaski
Chicago, IL 60641

No, I am not married. Yes, I would like to be in the future. In fact, I think I'll go there now (by reading WEIRD FANTASY #13, on sale this month!). —VK

To whom it may concern,

Four years ago, I went into a comics shop. Being 50 years young at the time, I couldn't make heads or tails from looking at the rack! Goeh; so many characters, so much color, boxes of back-issues some priced less than new ones. What's what? I purchased what I could understand at the time.

I've been a part-time flea market dealer of toy collectibles for 10 years now. I have about \$1,500 worth of collectible

toys, and 300 comics. I also have cards, sets and singles. I have decided to specialize in comics, subjects or subject not quite defined yet.

Being cautious, I am imploring your guidance. I wish to phase out my toy line and go with comics. What should I buy and why?

Richard S. Dainys

Worcester, MA

I'm contractually bound to say—buy, sell, trade EC comics! Maybe our readers have more balanced suggestions. —VK

Dear VK,

I really liked the story you wrote called "About Face!" [VAULT 8]. I think that Steve should've stayed with Lydia. I like all of your stories. I keep wanting more. What did you think about the stories in #9?

Brett Burgoon

Ottawa, KS

Liked mine, hated his, liked mine, hated hers. (Surprised?) —VK

Dear Russ,

I really love CRYPT, VAULT and HAUNT. But I would like to see a new mag. I'd like to call it MONSTER MADNESS. In it, I don't want any nudity, bad words etc. I would like to have scopes on movies (horror movies), scary stories, contests, interviews with directors, authors (like R.L. Stine), etc. Please consider this mag.

Justin Winkelman

Stout City, IA

Good idea! Can't help you, but it's a good idea! —VK

Dear EC,

I would like to start off by saying that I am a big fan of your comics. The reason I am writing is that I have an idea that I hope you like. My idea is to make CREEPSHOW a monthly comic. If you do not like my idea could you at least make two comics based on the movies? I am serious about this. I hope you answer it seriously. CK has the habit of giving goofy answers.

Michael Dooney

Saddle Brook, NJ

And, Goofy gives cryptic answers. But seriously, folks; another good idea. Can't help you, but... —VK

NEXT ISSUE



Dear VK,

It's me again, your #1 fan! Your stories are the best! I want to ask you a question. When do these stories appear: "The Ventriloquist's Dummy!", "Strung Along!", "Mournin' Mess", "The New Arrival", "Collection Completed!", "You, Murderer", "Dig that Cat... He's Real Gone!", "...My Brother's Keeper", "4-Sided Triangle", "Maniac at Large", "...Only Sin Deep", "Operation Friendship" and "Creep Course"?

Which issue of HAUNT does the Ray Bradbury story come out? Did you know Jack Kamen worked in the movie CREEPSHOW? True; he was the comic book artist! Well it's almost day, better get to my coffin! TMI next SLIME!

Ramiro J. Roman

Glendale, CA

[Sound of drawing deep breath]...CRYPT 28, VAULT 33, HAUNT 25, VAULT 25, SHOCK 14, HAUNT 21, SHOCK 18, SHOCK 17, CRIME 27, HAUNT 24, CRYPT 41, HAUNT 23! Beware, these are the ORIGINAL numbering! Heh, heh! Many issues of various EC titles have Bradbury plots in them. —VK

Dear Vault-Keeper,

You are my favorite story teller of all three [GhouLunatics] I want to know why will you not get your own TV show, like The Crypt-Keeper. That really gets me mad

Mark Piekielek

Utica, NY

My agent is working on a gig on LAW & ORDER; they didn't have an opening as a cop or a lawyer but I'm a shoo-in for the ampersand! —VK

Vault-Keeper,

Whaddaya hear, whaddaya say? Boy, VAULT #11 was another great issue! Horror just doesn't get much scarier than this! These books really keep you on the edge of your seat! They have as much of an impact now as they did in the 1950s, I'm sure. And it's because of this that I'll keep on collecting

Hey, Vault-Keeper, I was wondering: I think you and The Old Witch should also come out on the "Tales from the Crypt" TV show that the Crypt-Keeper hosts. Since all three of you host the CRYPT, VAULT, and HAUNT books why can't all three of you host the TV show? Sounds like a good idea to me. Why don't the three of you talk it over?

Well, the sun has finally gone down, and it's time for me to dance in the moonlight with the other vampires. Take care, VK, and remember, Adam's Apple a day keeps the doctor away! (Print the address to my haunted house, please. Any other vampires and vampiresses out there are more than welcome to write me in Spanish, English, French or Italian. I'm the vampire with a heart of gold.)

Tony Martinez (age 17)

6041 S California AV
Chicago, IL 60626

The vampire with a heart of gold, and a tooth to match! —VK

Dear Creator(s) of My Favorite Comic Book of All Time

This is a comic book fanboy chain letter. A c.b.f.c.l. can be good luck for comic book creators, if the chain isn't broken. For instance, in 1984 J. Shooter broke the chain; soon afterwards his entire company went belly up. But, in 1984 A. Aragona kept the chain going, despite all logic, his book is still being published

To keep the chain going, the following acts must occur: 1. After receiving this letter the publisher must print it in the comic's letter column. 2. Every person who reads this letter must go to their local comic book store and New

Comics Day, buy the latest issues of three non-superhero comics that he's never tried, read the books, and write sincere letters of comment to the comics' creators. 3. Each publisher must make five copies of this letter and must send them to five comic book creators he wants to annoy

Gentle readers, it is most important that each and every one of you keep the chain going. In 1982, after reading a comic book created by D. Stevens, a 15 year old boy in Biloxi, Mississippi, broke the chain. Today Mr. Stevens would be lucky to create a single comic book story every three years. Coincidence? I think not.

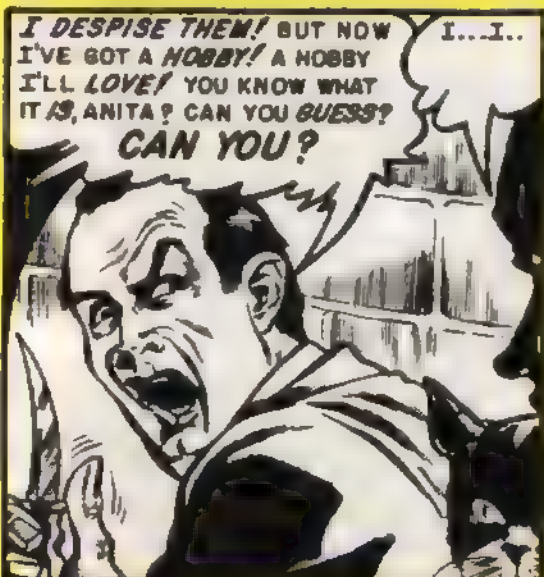
Jeff Conner

Okinawa City, Okinawa, JAPAN

PS) For extraordinary good luck for the comic book creator, one of the books purchased should be either Steve Gallaci's ALBEDO (published by Antarctic Press) or WEIRD SCIENCE (published by Gemstone Publishing)

I shoulda known it was a chain letter, the envelope clanked! —VK

NEXT ISSUE



Also available this month are WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED TALES. Watch for HAUNT, CRIME and FRONTLINE COMBAT next month. Don't forget CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details)

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1 (subject to availability), \$2 each. All others up thru issue #3, \$1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, \$2 each. Don't forget the entire 11-issue run of WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY/INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION! Add \$5 per order (\$10 minimum US \$15 CAN.)

We want letters! Write to:
VAULT
GEMSTONE
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THE COMIC REPRINTS

VAULT OF HORROR "#24" (#13, APR/MAY 1982)

COVER by Johnny Craig

"A Bloody Undertaking!"

"...With All the Trappings!"

"Impressed by a Nightmare!"

"The Death Wagon!"

Johnny Craig

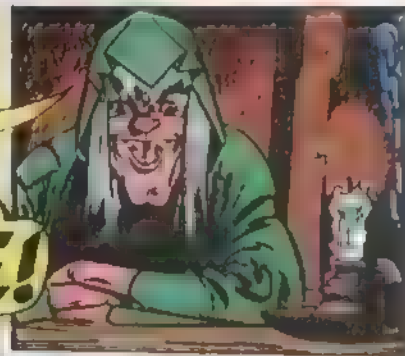
Graham Ingels

Joe Orlando

Jack Davis

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We sell for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold threat address and its name unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters. To do so we need your address or the individual letter.

**I CALL THIS COLORFUL,
DREAMY TALE OF TERROR
IMPRESSED BY
A NIGHTMARE!**



FRED DWORKIN TOOK THE STEAMING SILEX OF COFFEE FROM THE STOVE AND POURED HIMSELF A CUP! HE GLANCED UP AT THE KITCHEN CLOCK! IT WAS FOUR THIRTY-FIVE A.M.! A SLEEPY-EYED WOMAN ENTERED THE KITCHEN...

EMMA! I TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET UP FOR ME WHEN I'M ON THE EARLY SHIFT AT THE PLANT!

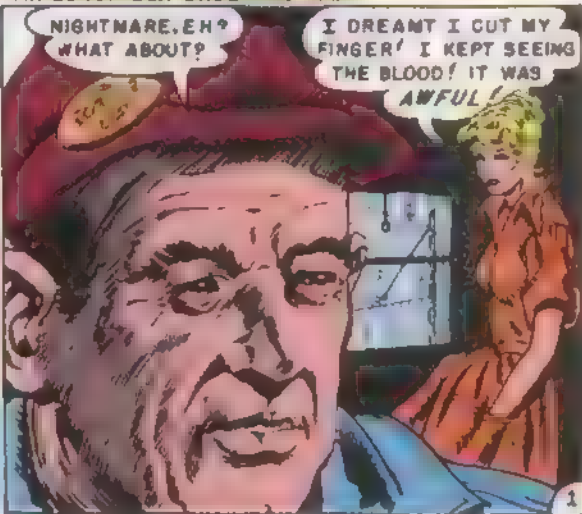
I KNOW, FRED! I COULDN'T SLEEP! I WOKE UP OUT OF A NIGHTMARE!



MR DWORKIN SLIPPED ON HIS LEATHER JACKET, PERCHED A CAP ON HIS GREYING HEAD, AND TUCKED A TIN LUNCH-BOX UNDER HIS ARM

NIGHTMARE, EH? WHAT ABOUT?

I DREAMT I CUT MY FINGER! I KEPT SEEING THE BLOOD! IT WAS AWFUL!



FRED KISSED HIS WIFE AND PATTED HER CHEEK! HE SMILED WARMLY...

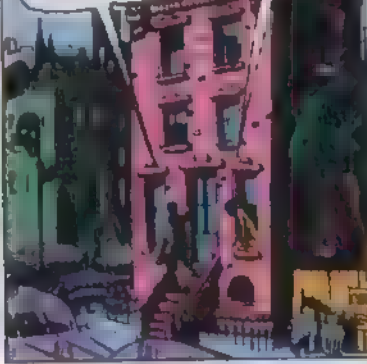
FORGET IT, HONEY! IT WAS JUST A DREAM! WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP TILL THE KIDS GET UP?

JACKIE WILL BE UP AT SIX THIRTY! I MIGHT AS WELL STAY UP!



OKAY! DO WHAT YOU LIKE! I ONLY WISH I COULD HAVE ABOUT THREE MORE HOURS OF SLEEP! HO-HUM! WELL! 'BYE, EMMA!

'BYE, FRED!



MR. DWORKIN WENT OUT INTO THE GREY DAWN, AND EMMA WATCHED TILL HE TURNED THE CORNER! THEN SHE WENT BACK INSIDE...

MIGHT AS WELL START GETTING BREAKFAST READY!



EMMA OPENED THE REFRIGERATOR AND WITHDREW A CAN OF FROZEN ORANGE JUICE! THEN SHE TOOK A CAN-OPENER FROM A DRAWER! SUDDENLY, AS SHE PRESSED THE OPENER-KNIFE INTO THE MOIST CAN-LID...

OOOOOOOOH! I SLIPPED!



EMMA FELT A STING OF PAIN AS THE RAZOR-SHARP CAN-LID CUT THROUGH THE FLESH! SHE LIFTED THE WOUNDED FINGER AND STARED AT THE SCARLET STREAM OZZING FROM THE INCISION.

I... I CUT MY FINGER! THE... THE BLOOD! IT'S JUST LIKE MY DREAM!



THAT AFTERNOON, FRED DWORKIN RETURNED HOME FROM THE PRINTING PLANT WHERE HE WORKED! HE NOTICED THE BANDAGE ON EMMA'S FINGER AND QUESTIONED HER ABOUT IT...

IT'S... NOTHING, FRED! MY HAND SLIPPED WHILE I WAS OPENING A CAN AND I CUT MY FINGER! JUST A SCRATCH...

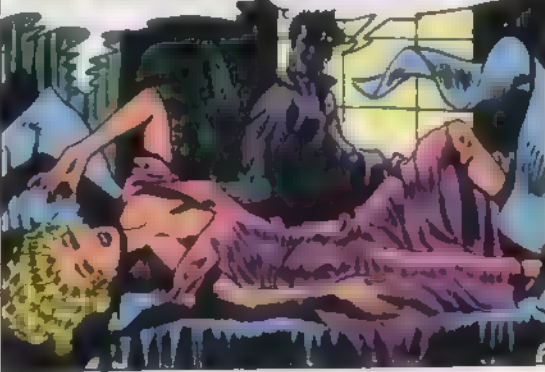
YOU OUGHT TO BE MORE CAREFUL EMMA! I DON'T LIKE TO SEE YOU HURT YOURSELF!



NOTHING WAS SAID ABOUT EMMA'S DREAM OR ITS CONNECTION WITH HER ACCIDENT! BUT THAT NIGHT...

JILL! JILL! LOOK OUT! OH... LORD!

HUH? WHA...? EMMA! EMMA! WAKE UP!



EMMA'S EYES BLINKED OPEN AND SHE GASPED...

WHAT... HAPPENED?

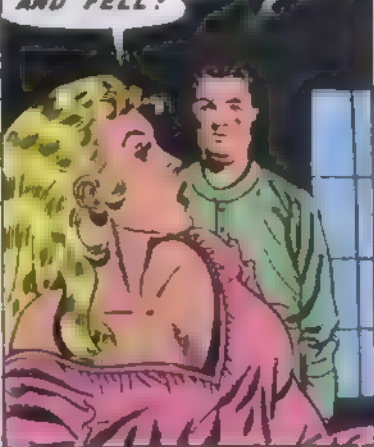
YOU WERE HAVING A NIGHTMARE! YOU WERE MOLLERIN' IN YOUR SLEEP!

I... I DREAMT THAT JILL WAS RUNNING DOWN THE STREET AND SHE TRIPPED AND FELL!

EIGHT YEAR OLDS DO THAT, EMMA!

SHE SKINNED HER KNEES BADLY! THEY WERE BLEEDING! HER LEGS WERE COVERED ...

GO BACK TO SLEEP, EMMA! IT WAS ONLY A DREAM!



BUT THE NEXT MORNING, AS JILL WAS COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL FOR LUNCH, SHE BEGAN TO RUN! EMMA WATCHED HER FROM THE FRONT STEPS! A COLD CHILL GREPT UP HER SPINE! SHE TRIED TO CRY OUT... TO STOP HER DAUGHTER

STOP, DEAR! DON'T RUN!
JILL! JILL! LOOK OUT!



JILL HAD SCRAPED HER KNEES BADLY! HER LEGS WERE COVERED WITH THE BLOOD THAT POURED FROM THE ABRASIONS! SHE WAS CRYING SO LOUDLY THAT SHE NEVER HEARD HER MOTHER'S HORRIFIED WHISPER AS EMMA LOOKED DOWN AT THE RAW AND BLEEDING BRUISES...

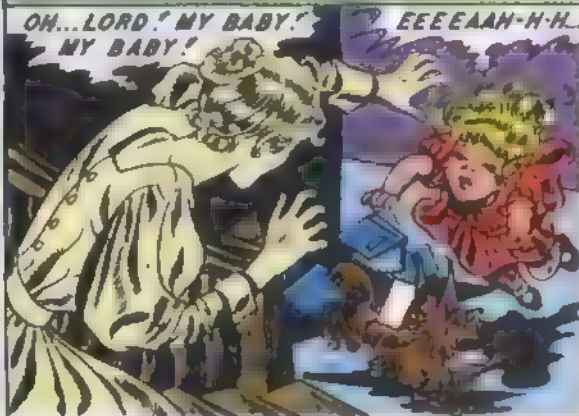
TWICE! GASP! TWICE I DREAMT, AND TWICE IT HAPPENED!



JILL'S AWKWARD LEGS TANGLED AS SHE PITCHED FORWARD! FOR A SPLIT SECOND, SHE SEEMED TO KANG THERE! THEN SHE HIT THE PAVEMENT... BOOKS FLYING! EMMA RUSHED TOWARD HER...

OH... LORD! MY BABY!
MY BABY!

EEEEAAH-H-H...



BUT THAT NIGHT, FRED DWORKIN SCOFFED AT HIS WIFE'S CLAIM...

BUT I TOLD YOU YESTERDAY MORNING THAT I DREAMT I OUT MYSELF! THEN I DID! AND LAST NIGHT I DREAMT THAT JILL...

GOINCOINCIDENCE, EMMA! PURE GOINCINCIDENCE! FORGET ABOUT IT!

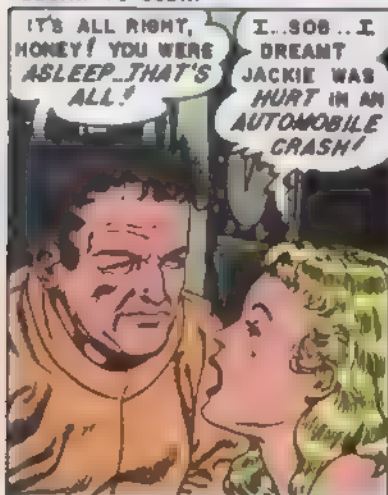


THAT NIGHT, EMMA FOUND IT DIFFICULT FALLING ASLEEP! WHEN SHE FINALLY DOZED OFF, SHE BEGAN TO DREAM AGAIN! THIS TIME IT WAS ABOUT HER TEEN-AGE SON, JACKIE! JACKIE WAS SITTING DOWN HOLDING A ROUND OBJECT...TURNING IT...AND TURNING IT! A LOOK OF HORROR WAS PAINTED ON HIS EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD FACE...



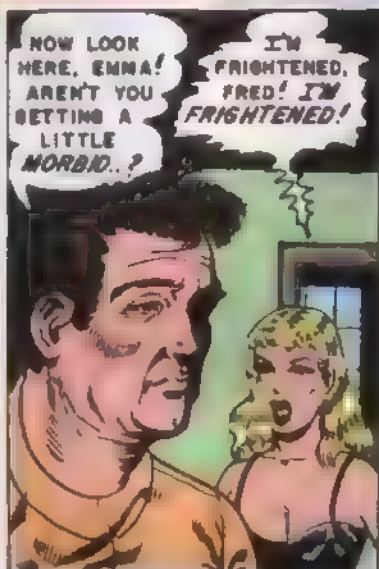
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JACKIE?
WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HANDS? IT...
LOOKS LIKE...LIKE...

EMMA SAT BOLT UPRIGHT! SHE BEGAN TO SOB...



IT'S ALL RIGHT, HONEY! YOU WERE ASLEEP...THAT'S ALL!

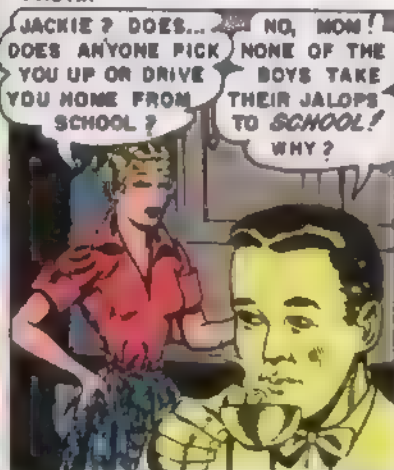
I...SOB...I DREAMT JACKIE WAS HURT IN AN AUTOMOBILE CRASH!



NOW LOOK HERE, EMMA! AREN'T YOU GETTING A LITTLE MORBID...?

I'M FRIGHTENED, FRED! I'M FRIGHTENED!

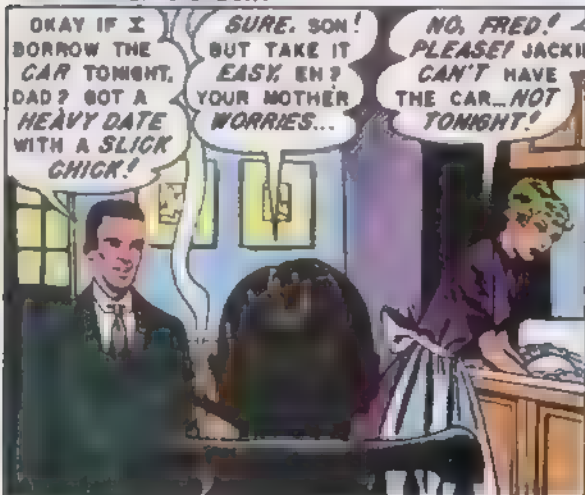
THE NEXT DAY, EMMA QUESTIONED HER SON AT BREAKFAST...



JACKIE? DOES... DOES ANYONE PICK YOU UP OR DRIVE YOU HOME FROM SCHOOL?

NO, MOM! NONE OF THE BOYS TAKE THEIR JALOPS TO SCHOOL! WHY?

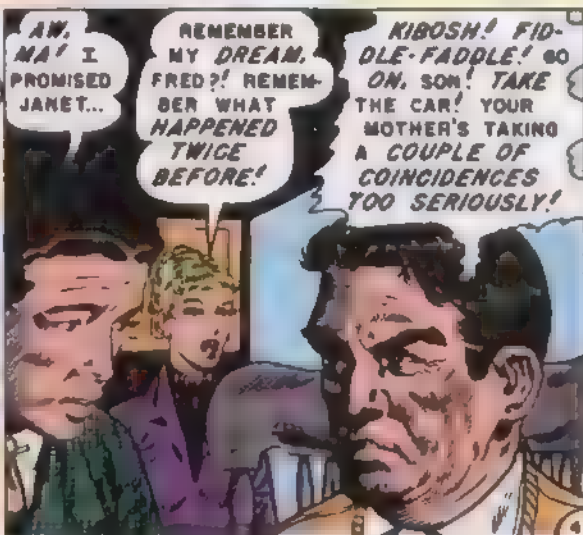
BUT THAT NIGHT, AS EMMA WAS WASHING AWAY THE SUPPER DISHES...



OKAY IF I BORROW THE CAR TONIGHT, DAD? GOT A HEAVY DATE WITH A SLICK CHICK!

SURE, SON! BUT TAKE IT EASY, EN? YOUR MOTHER WORRIES...

NO, FRED! PLEASE! JACKIE CAN'T HAVE THE CAR...NOT TONIGHT!

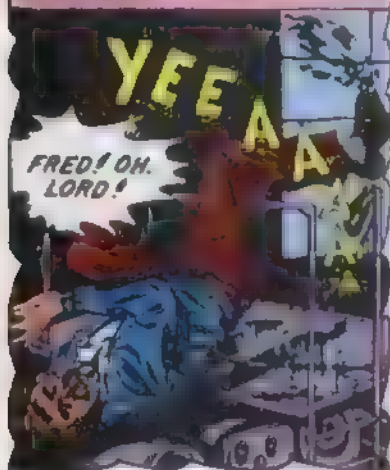


AW, MA! I PROMISED JANET...

REMEMBER MY DREAM, FRED?! REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TWICE BEFORE!

KIBOSH! FIDDLE-FADDLE! GO ON, SON! TAKE THE CAR! YOUR MOTHER'S TAKING A COUPLE OF COINCIDENCES TOO SERIOUSLY!

SUDDENLY, EMMA'S DREAM WAS FILLED WITH FRED'S SCREAM AS HE PLUNGED INTO THE ROARING MACHINERY...



IT WAS HORRIBLE! FRED'S BODY WAS CAUGHT BETWEEN THE ROLLERS OF THE GIGANTIC PRINTING PRESS AND CRUSHED TO A MANGLED PULP! BLOOD SPATTERED THE GLEAMING METAL GEARS! EMMA COVERED HER EYES AND SCREAMED...



SUDDENLY, EMMA WAS AWAKE! SHE SAT UP IN HER BED AND STARED INTO THE DARKNESS! THE BED BESIDE HER WAS EMPTY



EMMA LEAPED OUT OF BED AND HURRIED INTO THE KITCHEN! FRED WASN'T THERE...

HE'S GONE, ALREADY! GONE TO WORK! HE'S GOING TO DIE! THREE TIMES I DREAMT OF ACCIDENTS, AND THREE TIMES MY DREAMS CAME TRUE! AND NOW I DREAMT THAT FRED IS GOING TO FALL INTO THE PRESS! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!



EMMA DRESSED QUICKLY AND STARTED OUT FOR THE PRINTING PLANT! ALL THE WAY, SHE PRAYED THAT SHE WOULD NOT BE TOO LATE! SHE RAN AS FAST AS SHE COULD! SHE ARRIVED BREATHLESS AND EXHAUSTED...



FRED STOOD ATOP THE GIGANTIC COLOR PRESS, CHECKING ITS OPERATION! AT FIRST, HE DID NOT HEAR EMMA'S FRANTIC CRIES! THEN, AS HER HIGH-PITCHED VOICE REACHED HIM ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE MACHINERY, FRED SPUN AROUND! HIS FOOT SKIDDED OVER AN OIL-SLICK STAINING THE NARROW PLATFORM AND SHOT OUT FROM UNDER HIM! FOR A MOMENT, HE TOTTERED CRAZILY... THEN PLUNGED OFF HIS HIGH PERCH INTO THE THROBBING METAL GIANT...



HEH, HEH! YEP! EMMA'S FOURTH DREAM CAME TRUE, TOO! COURSE, MAYBE IT WOULDN'T HAVE IF SHE'D KEPT HER MOUTH SHUT! FRED WOULD NOT HAVE TURNED AROUND AND SLIPPED! OH, BY THE WAY, IF THIS MAGAZINE IS LATE GETTING TO YOUR NEWSSTAND, THE EXPLANATION IS SIMPLE! YOU SEE, THEY PRINT THIS MAG ON THE COLOR PRESS - FRED FELL INTO! TOOK 'EM TWO DAYS TO SCRAPER IT CLEAN! SO IF YOU SEE ANY RED BLOTCHES ANYWHERE - HEH, HEH! OH! WANT TO GET BY BACK ISSUES? READ MY COLUMN, THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER!



THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! *PHEW!* THAT'S A HORROR STORY? THE VAULT-KEEPER TELLS A GOOD FAIRY TALE! I'LL TELL YOU A HORROR STORY! YER, IT'S YOUR HOST IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR THE CRYPT-KEEPER... WELCOMING YOU ONCE MORE! COME IN AND SIT DOWN ON THAT BLOOD-STAINED AUTO SEAT! IT'S A MEMENTO OF THE TERROR-TALE I'M ABOUT TO RELATE! READY? AH, I SEE I HAVE THE *GREEN LIGHT*! WHAT? OH, THAT'S YOUR *FACE*? WELL, HERE GOES *ANYWAY!* GET A GOOD GRIP ON THE FLOOR MAT! I CALL THIS *CHILLER*...

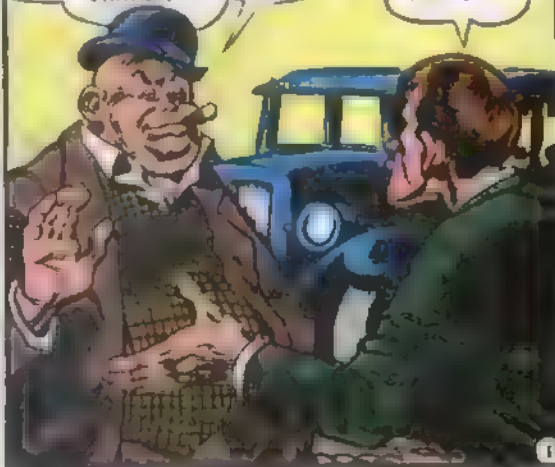
THE DEATH WAGON!



HERMAN KITCH, ONE OF THE PARTNERS OF 'SINK AND KITCH. USED CARS', SHOOK HIS HEAD AS HE SURVEYED THE BEAT-UP BLUE COUPE PARKED AT THE CURB...

SORRY, MISTER' YOU CAN KEEP 'ER' THIS WRECK'D COST ME A FORTUNE TO PUT IN SHAPE!

BUT I MUST SELL, MR. KITCH! I NEED THE MONEY!



HERMAN SHRUGGED! HE WALKED AROUND THE CAR ONCE MORE... KICKED AT THE MUDDY TIRES... THEN STROKED HIS CHIN THOUGHTFULLY...

FOUR HUNDRED BUCKS! THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO!

FOUR HUNDRED! WHY I'D BE CRAZY TO SELL IT AT THAT PRICE! I...

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, BUD! IT'S TWENTY MILES TO THE NEXT TOWN! IF YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT TRY THERE!

I... I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR OFFER! I NEED THE MONEY IMMEDIATELY!

IN THE SHACK THAT STOOD AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE 'SINK AND KITCH USED CAR LOT' AMOS SINK... HERMAN'S PARTNER... SMILED AS HE WATCHED THE TRANSACTION GOING ON AT THE CURB...

LOOKS LIKE HERMAN'S CLOSING A DEAL ON THAT COUPE! I PITY THE POOR SUCKER WHO BUYS IT FROM US!

LATER THAT DAY, HERMAN AND AMOS SURVEYED THEIR NEWLY ACQUIRED CAR IN THE GARAGE AT THE REAR OF THE LOT...

WELL, AMOS! WE'VE TURNED BACK THE SPEEDOMETER SEVENTEEN THOUSAND MILES AND REPLACED THE TIRES WITH RE-CAPS! THE TUBES ARE IN BAD SHAPE, SO WE'LL LEAVE 'EM!

YEAH! THE GUY WHO BUYS THIS WRECK FROM US WON'T FIND OUT ABOUT THAT TILL HE HAS A FLAT!

A POLISHING JOB AND SHE'LL BE ALL SET!

AND WE'LL GET EIGHT HUNDRED BUCKS FOR 'ER, AT LEAST!

BY THE WAY, AMOS! THE TRANSMISSION IN THIS NARCON SEDAN WE BOUGHT YESTERDAY IS SHOT! IT SOUNDS LIKE THE CAR'S FALLING APART... IT KNOCKS SO BAD!

PACK IT WITH SANDUST! THAT WILL KEEP IT FROM RATTLING FOR A COUPLE OF HUNDRED MILES!

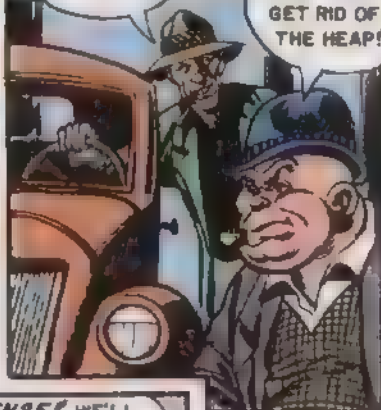
AND THAT CONVERTIBLE'S GOT A CRACKED RADIATOR! WATER KEEPS LEAKIN' OUT!

POUR IN SOME GREASE! IT'LL CLOG UP THE CRACK AS LONG AS THE WATER DOESN'T GET TOO HOT! ONCE THEY DRIVE 'ER AWAY... WE DON'T KNOW FROM NOTHIN'!

NICE GUYS, EH, KIDDIES? THEY KNOW **ALL THE TRICKS**. HUH? WELL, HOLD ON TO YOUR EYE-BALLS...YOU AIN'T SEEN **NOTHIN'** YET! THESE GUYS ARE **REALLY CROOKS!** JUST KEEP READING! YOU'LL **SEE** WHAT I MEAN...



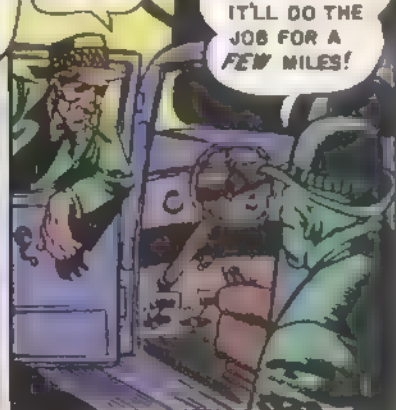
I LOOKED OVER THIS TWO-DOOR WE PICKED UP THIS MORNING, HERMAN! THE **STEERING ASSEMBLY'S ALMOST GONE!**



WRAP 'ER WITH WIRE! THAT'LL HOLD IT TOGETHER TILL WE CAN GET RID OF THE HEAP!

THIS GRAY SEDAN NEEDS NEW **BRAKE-LININGS**, HERMAN! THE **BRAKES DON'T HOLD!**

BRAKE LININGS GOST **MONEY**, AMOS! CUT UP AN OLD **INNER TUBE** AND PUT THE STRIPS IN! IT'LL DO THE JOB FOR A **FEW MILES!**



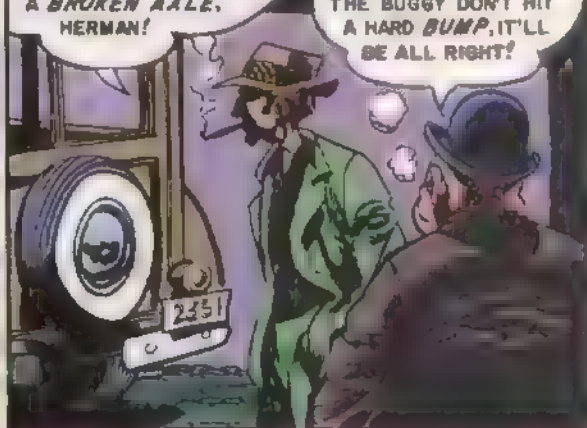
THE **BATTERY** IN THIS FOUR-DOOR IS **DEAD**, HERMAN! WE'LL HAVE TO PUT IN A **NEW ONE!**

NONSENSE! WE'LL JAZZ IT UP WITH THIS **POWDER** I PICKED UP! IT'LL HOLD A **CHARGE** FOR A WEEK OR SO! THE **PLATES'LL** GO TO POT, BUT IT WON'T BE **OUR WORRY** BY **THAT TIME!**



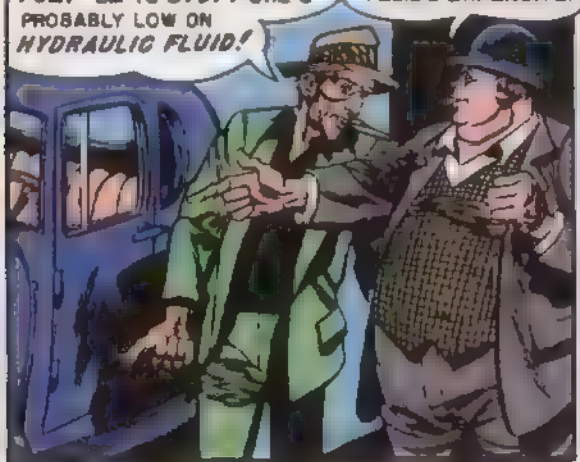
I GOT A **BUY** ON THIS STATION WAGON WITH A **BROKEN AXLE**, HERMAN!

GOOD! WE CAN **WELD** THE AXLE! LONG AS THE **BUGGY** DON'T HIT A **HARD BUMP**, IT'LL BE **ALL RIGHT!**



THE **BRAKES** ARE **BAD** IN THIS COUPE, HERMAN! YOU HAVE TO **PUMP 'EM** TO **STOP!** SHE'S PROBABLY LOW ON **HYDRAULIC FLUID!**

PUT IN SOME **WATER!** **HYDRAULIC FLUID'S EXPENSIVE!**



AS YOU CAN SEE, THE USED-CAR LOT OF SINK AND KITCH WAS CROWDED WITH FAULTY AUTOMOBILES THAT HAD BEEN PURCHASED CHEAPLY AND 'REPAIRED' CHEAPLY... AND WHICH WOULD ULTIMATELY BE SOLD FOR MANY TIMES THEIR WORTH! BUT WHAT IS **MORE DELIGHTFUL**, THE CARS WERE POTENTIAL **DEATH-WAGONS**...

HEY, AMOS! THERE'S AN OLD COODER AND HIS WIFE LOOKIN' THE HEAPS OVER!

LOOK LIKE A COUPLE O' **GOODY** T' ME!



SHOCKED, KIDDIES? I THOUGHT SO! NOW, THIS NICE AGED COUPLE HAS COME TO SINK AND KITCH'S USED-CAR LOT FOR AN AUTO! THEY'VE SKIMPED AND SAVED NICKLES AND DINES FOR **TWO YEARS** TO ACCUMULATE ENOUGH MONEY TO AFFORD THE LUXURY OF OWNING THEIR **OWN AUTOMOBILE!**



YES, SIR! CAN I HELP YOU?

ESTHER... SHE'S MY WIFE... AND I ARE INTERESTED IN BUYING A CAR! WE'D LIKE TO SPEND ABOUT A THOUSAND DOLLARS!



I THINK I HAVE **JUST** THE THING YOU'RE LOOKING FOR! THIS BABY HERE! **PRACTICALLY NEW...** ONLY ONE OWNER BEFORE YOU! USED IT ON **SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS!** LOW MILEAGE...

HOW MUCH?



SO THE OLD COUPLE BOUGHT THE COUPE WITH THE WATERED HYDRAULIC FLUID! SINK AND KITCH MADE SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS ON **THAT DEAL!** THEN THERE WAS THE POOR FACTORY WORKER WHO WANTED TO BRIGHTEN THE DRAB LIVES OF HIS LOVED ONES BY TAKING THEM FOR DRIVES IN THE COUNTRY ON HIS DAY OFF!

BEST BUY ON THE LOT, SIR! A **STATION WAGON** IS JUST WHAT YOU NEED! SIMPLY **PILE THE KIDS IN THE BACK...**



THE FACTORY WORKER PURCHASED THE STATION WAGON WITH THE WELDED AXLE! A YOUNG SALESMAN, WHO NEEDED A CAR FOR BUSINESS, ALSO CAME TO SINK AND KITCH...

JUST LOOK AT THE **TRUNK SPACE** IN THIS TWO-DOOR, MISTER! IT'S MADE FOR A SALESMAN! LIKE **NEW!** GUY THAT OWNED IT WAS STRICKEN WITH **POLIO...** IT'S BEEN ON **BLOCKS** SINCE **TWO WEEKS** AFTER HE BOUGHT IT!

LOOKS GOOD TO ME! WHERE DO I SIGN?



SO THE BUSINESS COUPE WITH THE FAULTY STEERING ASSEMBLY HELD TOGETHER BY WIRES WAS SOLD! SINK AND KITCH MADE IT VERY **EASY** TO BUY THEIR **DEATH TRAPS...**

I... I'VE GOT TO BUY A CAR, BUT I DON'T THINK THE BANK WILL OKAY A **LOAN!** YOU SEE...

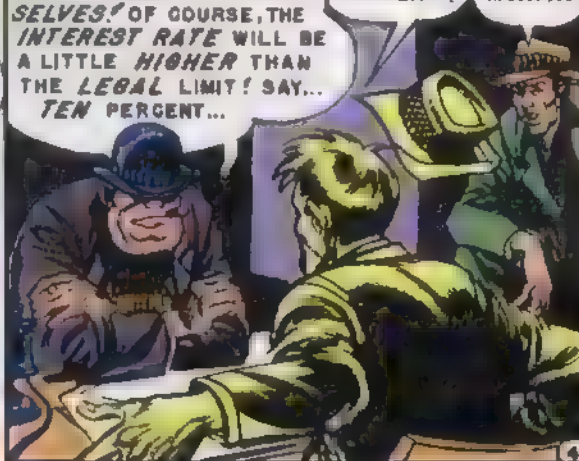
LISTEN, BUD! TELL YOU WHAT! ORDINARILY, WE DON'T DO THIS, BUT...



IF YOU KEEP IT QUIET, WE'LL FINANCE YOU **OURSELVES!** OF COURSE, THE **INTEREST RATE** WILL BE A LITTLE **HIGHER** THAN THE **LEGAL LIMIT!** SAY... **TEN PERCENT...**

TEN PERCENT?

PER MONTH!



HEH, HEH! I'LL SAY THAT'S A LITTLE HIGHER THAN THE LEGAL LIMIT! S'MATTER, KIDDIES? YOU LOOK MAD! DON'T LIKE AMOS AND HERMAN, EH? WELL, YOU'LL LIKE 'EM LESS AS WE GO ALONG! JUST KEEP READING!

THE OLD COUPLE WERE THE FIRST TO GO! THEY'D DRIVEN UP A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN THEIR NICE NEW USED COUPE! AS THEY CAME DOWN A STEEP CURVE, SKIRTING A CLIFF,

ESTHER! THE BRAKES WON'T HOLD!

EEEEEE!

NATURALLY! WATERED HYDRAULIC FLUID WON'T ACTIVATE A CAR'S BRAKES ON A STEEP INCLINE LIKE THAT...

WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

AND SO THE PEACEFUL MOUNTAIN AIR WAS SHATTERED BY THE IMPACT OF TONS OF STEEL AND GLASS FLAY- TENING AGAINST A WALL OF ROCK! AND AS THE ECHOES OF THE DIN FADED AWAY, A TWISTED MASS OF METAL AND DEAD BODIES ADORNED THE HIGHWAY



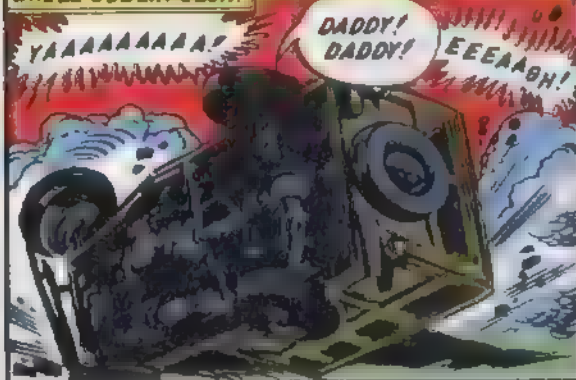
NEXT CAME THE FACTORY WORKER AND HIS STATION WAGON! THE PICNIC WAS OVER AND HE WAS SPEEDING HIS WIFE AND FIVE KIDS HOME...

LOOK OUT BILL! THERE'S A HOLE IN THE ROAD!

HOLD TIGHT, KIDS!



THE FRONT WHEELS AVOIDED THE GAPING RUT IN THE ROAD, BUT THE RIGHT REAR WHEEL SMASHED INTO IT... THE REAR WHEEL FASTENED TO THE WELDED AXLE! THE STATION WAGON SWAYED GRAZILY FOR A MOMENT, THEN SPUN OVER AS THE WHEEL COLLAPSED...



DADDY! DADDY!

EEEEAAH!

ONCE AGAIN, CRUSHED STEEL AND SHATTERED GLASS COVERED A BLOOD-STAINED HIGHWAY...



HEH, HEH! GETTIN' A LITTLE HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, KIDDIES? HOW DO YOU THINK THE OLD COUPLE FELT...OR THE FACTORY WORKER AND HIS FAMILY? WELL, KEEP READIN'! WE'LL REACH THE BOILING POINT SOON!

THE SALESMAN WHO BOUGHT THE BUSINESS COUPE WAS NEXT TO GO! THE WIRED STEERING ASSEMBLY FELL APART AS THE CAR WAS TURNING INTO A BUSY INTERSECTION...

LOOK OUT!

IT'S OUT OF CONTROL!

TWO PEDESTRIANS WENT ALONG ON THAT RIDE! RIGHT UP THE SIDEWALK AND INTO A BRICK WALL. THE CAR MUNTLED...

YAAAAEEEEEEEE!

THEY HAD TO CUT THE SALESMEN OUT OF THE WRECK WITH A BLOW-TORCH! HE NEVER CAME TO! ONE OF THE PEDESTRIANS WAS KILLED INSTANTLY... THE OTHER DIED ON THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL! A POLICE INSPECTOR CAME TO SEE AMOS AND

HERMAN

THREE HORRIBLE ACCIDENTS... AND EVERY CAR CAME FROM YOUR LOT!

LOOK HERE, INSPECTOR!

WE'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT PEOPLE DO TO THEIR CARS! WHEN THOSE AUTOS LEFT OUR LOT, THEY WERE IN PERFECT CONDITION!

DO YOU THINK WE'D LET A FAULTY CAR LEAVE THIS ESTABLISHMENT, INSPECTOR?

I DON'T KNOW, BOYS, BUT TOMORROW MORNING I'M GOING TO FIND OUT! I'M ASKING THE COURT TO ISSUE A WARRANT PERMITTING ME TO EXAMINE EVERY CAR ON YOUR LOT! GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!

HAPPY TO HAVE YOU DO SO, INSPECTOR!

ANY TIME, INSPECTOR!

AFTER THE POLICE INSPECTOR LEFT THE 'SINK AND KITCH USED CAR LOT'...

GOOD LORD, HERMAN! WHAT WILL WE DO TOMORROW MORNING...

THAT'S A LONG WAY OFF! WE HAVE ALL NIGHT TO FIX UP THOSE HEAPS! C'MON! LET'S GET BUSY!

UH...UH! MUSTN'T PEEK AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE! YOU'LL GET TO IT! AND DON'T WORRY! AMOS AND HERMAN WON'T FIX THINGS BY MORNING! IN FACT, THEY WON'T BE ALIVE BY MORNING! WHY? BECAUSE THAT NIGHT... WHILE THEY SCURRIED ABOUT THE GARAGE REPAIRING THE CARS, PROPERLY THIS TIME... IN CEMETERIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRYSIDE, THINGS UNDER CRAWLING GRAVE-MUD STIRRED...

THE REMAINS OF AN AGED COUPLE...RIPPED AND TORN FROM THE IMPACT OF THEIR DEATH-DEALING CRASH...LUMBERED TOWARD THE USED-CAR LOT...



A SALESMAN'S CORPSE, MASHED AND ROTTING, CRAWLING WITH THE SLIME OF THE GRAVE, STUMBOLED OVER THE DARK LANDSCAPE...



A SINGLE FILE OF SHADOWY FORMS, SHREDS OF FLESH FALLING FROM THEIR MANGLED BODIES, STAGGERED ACROSS THE ROAD... A DEAD FACTORY WORKER, HIS WIFE, AND FIVE SMALLER CORPSES...



AND IN THEIR DIMLY-LIT GARAGE, AMOS SINK AND HERMAN KITCH LOOKED UP FROM THEIR FRANTIC EFFORTS AS THE THINGS CONVERGED UPON THE DOORWAY...MOVING TOWARD THEM...



IN THE MORNING, WHEN THE POLICE INSPECTOR CAME WITH HIS WARRANT, THERE WERE NO CARS ON THE LOT TO INSPECT! BUT IN THE GARAGE, HE FOUND ONE! IT STOOD GROTESQUELY IN A POOL OF DRIED BLOOD! AMOS'S SKULL GRINNED FROM WHERE ONE HEADLIGHT SHOULD HAVE BEEN...HERMAN'S, FROM THE OTHER! TWO RED TONGUES HAD REPLACED THE WINDSHIELD WIPERS! EYE-BALLS STARED FROM PARKING-LIGHT SOCKETS! SEVERED HANDS SERVED AS DOOR HANDLES! ASH-WHITE SKIN REPLACED SLIP-COVERS! DISJOINED FEET SUBSTITUTED FOR CLUTCH, BRAKE, GAS, AND LIGHT-DIMMING PEDALS! BLOOD FILLED THE GAS TANK...INTESTINES THE CRANK-CASE! BONES WERE USED FOR THE GEAR-SHIFT, STEERING WHEEL SPOKES, PISTON-RODS, AND OTHER STRUCTURES! THIS WAS TRULY A KITCH AND SINK CAR...



HEH, HEH! AND IT WAS MADE OF EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SINK...EH, KIDDIES? SO AMOS AND HERMAN FINALLY WOUND UP AS PARTS... INSTEAD OF PART-NERS! KNOW WHAT? NOBODY EVER GOT UP ENOUGH NERVE TO SEE IF

THE GORY MESS WOULD RUN! SO I DROPPED OVER TO WHERE THEY WERE KEEPING IT ONE NIGHT! GOT IT STARTED, TOO! TROUBLE WAS IT KEPT STALLING ON ME! SEEMS HEARTS DON'T MAKE GOOD FUEL-PUMPS! 'BYE, NOW!



**HEE-HEE! I'M GOING TO DO
LIKE THESE TWO GOOFY
GHOULUNATICS, AND GET MY
OWN SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ALL
THE EC COMICS!**



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DON'T CUT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO.
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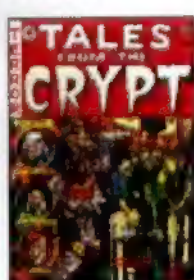
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GLAD CRYPT #1



GLAD CRYPT #2



GLAD CRYPT #3



GLAD CRYPT #4



GLAD CRYPT #5



GLAD CRYPT #6



GLAD VAULT #1



GLAD VAULT #2



GLAD VAULT #3



GLAD VAULT #4



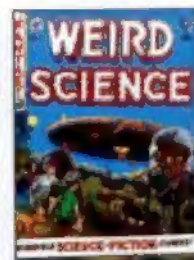
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GLAD VAULT #6



GLAD WEIRD #1



GLAD WEIRD #2



GLAD WEIRD #3



GLAD WEIRD #4



GLAD HAUNT #1



GLAD HAUNT #2

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